THE SOUTH SEAS.

LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR.

LETTERS FROM A LEISURELY TRAVELLER

[Copyright, 1891, by S. S. MoClure.] CHAPTER LIII.-Continued.

Monday, July 29.—The great day came round last. In the first hours the night was startled by the sound of clapping hands and the chant of Nei Kamaunaue, its melancholy, slow, and somewhat menacing measures broken at intervals by a formidable shout The little morsel of humanity thus celebrated in the dark hours was observed at midday playing on the green entirely naked, and qually unobserved and unconcerned.

The summer parlor on its artificial islet, relieved against the shimmering lagoon and shimmering itself with sun and tinned iron. was all day crowded about by eager men and women. Within it was boxed full of islanders. of any age and size, and in every degree of audity and finery. So close we squatted, that at one time I had a mighty handsome woman on my knees, and two little naked urchins bracing their feet against my back. Here might be a dame in full attire of holoku, and hat and flowers, and her next neighbor might the next moment strip some little rag of a shift from her fat shoulders and come out a monument of flesh, pointed rather than covered by the hair-breadth ridi. Little ladies, who thought themselves too great to appear un-draped upon so high a festival, were seen to inlature ridis in their hands; a moment more and they were full dressed and entered

the dancers, leaping like jumping jacks, with arms extended, passed through and through each other's ranks with extraordinary speed. concinnity, and humor. A more laugh-able effect I never saw; in any European theatre it would have brought the house down, and the island audience roared with aughter and applause. This filled the measure of the rival company, and they forgot themselves and decency. After each act or figure of the ballad, the performers pause a moment standing, and the next is introduced by the clapping of hands in triplets. Not until the end of the whole ballad do they sit down, which is the signal for the rivals to stand up. But now all rules were to be broken. During the interval following on this great applause the company of Butaritari leaped suddenly to their feet and most unhandsomely began a performance of their own. It was strange to see the men of Makin staring; I have seen a tenor in Europe stare with the same black dignity into a hissing theatre; but presently, to my surprise, they sobered down, gave up the uns remainder of their ballad, resumed their seats, and suffered their ungallant adversaries to go on and finish. Nothing would suffice. Again at the first interval Butaritari unhandsomely cut in: Makin, irritated in turn, followed the example; and the two sets of dancers remained permanently standing, continuously clapping hands, and regularly cutting across each other at each pause. I expected blows to begin with any moment; and our position in the midst was highly unstrategical. But the Makin people had a better thought; and upon a fresh interruption, turned and trooped out of the house We followed them, first, because these were the artists; second, because they were guests and had been sourvily ill-used. A large proportion of our neighbors did the same, so that the causeway was filled from end to end by the on of deserters; and the Butaritari shoir was left to sing for its own pleasure in an empty house, having gained the point and lost the audience. It was surely fortunate that

much the effect of our orchestra; in another,

he often makes a kind and loyal husband. ome of the worst beachcombers in the Pacific, some of the last of the old school, have fallen in my path, and some of them were admirable to their native wives, and one made a despairing widower. The position of a trader's wife in the Gilberts is, besides, unusually enviable. She shares the immunities of her hus-band. Curfew in Butaritari sounds for her in vain. Long after the bell is rung and the great sland ladies are confined for the night to their own roof this chartered libertine may scamper and giggle through the deserted streets or go down to bathe in the dark. The resources of the store are at her hand; she goes arrayed like a Queen and feasts delicately every day upon tinned meats. And she who was perhaps of no regard or station among natives, sits with Captains, and is entertained on board of schooners. Five of these privileged dames were some time our neighbors. Four were handsome, skittish lasses, gamesome like children, and, like children, liable to fits of pouting. They were dresses by day, but there was a tendency after dark to strip the lendings and to career and squall about the compound in the aboriginal ridi. Games of cards were continually played, with shells for counters. Their course was much marred by cheating, and the end of a round (above all if a man was of the party) resolved itself into a scrimmage for the counters. The fifth was a matron. It was a picture to see her sail to church on a Sunday, a parasol in hand, a nursemaid following, and the baby buried in a trade hat and armed with a patent feeding tinual supervision and correction of the maid. It was impossible not to fancy the baby a doll and the church some European playroom. All these children were legitimately married. It is true that the certificate of one, when she proudly showed it. proved to run thus, that she was " married for one night," and her gracious partner was at liberty to "send her to hell" the next morn-

ing: but she was none the wiser or the worse

for the dastardly trick. Another I heard was

"I know you are not a pig." said the woman neither am I your slave."

To be sure you are not my slave, and if you do not care to stop with me you had better go home to your people," said ha. "But in the mean time go and light the fire, and when I have brought this oil I will cook some fish." She went as if to obey, and presently when the trader looked she had built a fire so big

that the cook house was catching in flames.

"I Kana Kim," she cried as she saw him coming; but he recked not and hit her with a cooking pot. The leg pierced her skull, blood pouted, it was thought she was a dead woman, and the natives surrounded the house in men seing expectation. Another white was present, a man of older experience. "You will have us both killed if you go on like this," he cried. "She had said I Kana Kim?" If she had not said I Kana Kim he might have struck her with a caldron. It was not the blow that made the crime, but the disregard of an ac-

Polygamy, the particular sacredness of rives, their semi-servile state, their seclusion in Kings' harems, even their privilege of bit ing, all would seem to indicate a Mohammedan society and the opinion of the soullessness of woman. Not so in the least. It is a mere appearance. After you have studied these extremes in one house, you may go to the next and find all reversed-the woman the mistress, the man only the first of her thralls The authority is not with the husband as such or with the wife as such. It resides in the chief or the chief woman; he or she who has inherit ed the lands of the clan and stands to the clans man in the place of parent, exacting their service, answerable for their fines. There is but the one source of power and the one ground of dignity-rank. The King married a chief woman, she became his menial, and must work with her hands on Messrs. Wightmans' pier. The King divorced her, she regained at once her former state and nower She married the Hawaiian sailor, and behold the man is her flunky, and can be shown the door at pleasure. Nay, such low-born lords are even corrected physically, and, like grown but dutiful children, must endure discipline.

We were intimate in one such household, that of Nei Takauti and Nan Tok': I put the lady first of necessity. During our week of fool's paradise Mrs. Stevenson had gone alone to the sea side of the island after shells. I am very sure the proceeding was unsafe, and she soon perceived a man and woman watching her. Do what she would, her guardians held her steadily in view, and when the afternoon began to fall, and they thought she had stayed long enough, took her in charge, and, by signs and broken English, ordered her home. On the way the lady drew from her earring hole a clay pipe, the husband lighted it, and it was handed to my unfortunate wife, who knew not how to refuse the incommodious favor; and when they were all come to our house, the pair sat down beside her on the floor and improved the occasion with prayer. From that day they were our family friends, bringing thrice a day the beautiful island garlands of white flowers, visiting us every evening, and frequently carrying us down to their own moniap' in return, the woman leading Mrs. Stevenson by the hand like one child with another.

Nan Tok', the husband, was young, extremely handsome, of the most approved good humor. and suffering in his precarious station from suppressed high spirits. Nei Takauti, the wife, was getting old; her grown son by a former marriage had just hanged himself before his mother's eyes, in despair at a well-merited rebuke. Perhaps she had never been beautiful, but her face was full of character, her eye of sombre fire. She was a high chief woman but by a strange exception for a person of her rank, was small, spare, and sinewy, with lean small hands and corded neck. Her full dress of an evening was invariably a white chemise, and for adornment, green leaves (or sometimes white blossoms) stuck in her hair and thrust through her huge ear holes. The husband, on the contrary, changed to view like a kaleidoscope. Whatever pretty thing my wife might have given to Nei Takauti—a string of beads, a ribbon, a piece of bright fabric-ap peared the next evening on the person of Nan Tok'. It was plain he was a clothes-horse; that he were livery; that, in a word, he was his wife's wife. They reversed the parts, indeed, down to the least particular. It was the husband who showed himself the ministering angel in the hour of pain, while the wife displayed the apathy and heartlessness of the proverbial man. When Nei Takauti had a headache, Nan Tok' was full of attention and concern. When the husband had a cold and a racking toothache, the wife heeded not except to jeer. It is always the woman's Takant handed hers in silence to the wedded page; but she carried it herself, as though the page were not entirely trusted. Thus she kept the money, but it was he who ran the errands, anxiously sedulous. A cloud on her face dimmed instantly his beaming looks; on an early visit to their moniap', my wife saw he and cause to be wary. Nan Tok' had a friend with him, a giddy young thing, of his own age and sex; and they had worked themselves into that stage of jocularity, when consequences are too often disregarded. Nei Takauti mentioned her own name. Instantly Nan Tok' held up two fingers, his friend did likewise, both in an eestasy of slyness. It was plain the lady had two names; and from the nature of their merriment and the wrath that gathered on her brow, there must be something ticklish in the second. The husband pronounced it; a welldirected epcoanut from the hand of his wife caught him on the side of the head, and the voices and the mirth of these indiscreet young

The people of eastern Polynesia are never at a loss; their eliquette is absolute and plenary; in every circumstance it tells them what to do, and how to do it. The Gilbertines are seemingly more free, and pay for their freedom (like ourselves) in frequent perplexity. This was often the case with the topsy-turvy couple. We had once supplied them during a visit with a pipe and tobacco; and when they had smoked and were about to leave, they found themselves confronted with a problem: should they take or leave what remained of the tobacco. The piece of plug was taken up, it was laid down again, it was handed back and forth, and argued over till the wife becan to look haggard and the husband elderly, They ended by taking it, and I warren were not yet clear of the compound before they were sure they had decided wrong. Another time they had each a liberal cup of offee, and Nan Tok', with difficulty and disaffection, made an end of his. Nei Takauti had taken some, she had no mind for more, plainly conceived it would be a breach of manners to set down the cup unfinished, and dered her wedded retainer to dispose of what was left. "I have swallowed all I can. I cannot swallow more, it is a physical impossibility," he seemed to say; and his stern officer reiterated her commands with secret imperative signals. Luckiess dog! But in mere humanity we came to the rescue and removed the cup. I cannot but smile over this funny houseold; yet I remember the good souls with affection and respect. Their attention to ourselves was surprising. The garlands are much esteemed, the blossoms must be sought far and wide; and though they had many retainers to call to their aid, we often saw them selves passing a field after the blossoms, and the wife engaged with her own hands in putting them together. It was no want of heart. only that disregard so incident to husbands, that made Nel Takauti despise the sufferings proved a diligent and kindly nurse; and the pair, to the extreme embarrassment of the sufferer, became fixtures in the sick room. This rugged, capable, imperious old dame, with the wild eyes, had deep old dame, with the wild eyes, had deep and tender qualities; her pride in her young hushand, it seemed that she dissembled, fearing possibly to spoil him; and when she spoke of her dead son, there came something tragic in her face. But I seemed to trace in the Gilbertiness a virility of sense and sentiment which distinguishes them like their harsh and uncouth language) from their

gentlemen ceased for the day.

brother islanders in the east.

IN SHAKESPEARES TOWN.

Stratford, Its Surroundings and Its Mem-ories-The Church Where Shakespoare Lies-Shottery and Ann Hathaway. STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Sept. 30 .- If there shall ever appear a true and comprehensive Narra-tive of Dreams, I think it will be found that one of the most frequently recurring experiences of dreamers is that they seem to lack the power of close and genial companionship with the voiceless personages whom they meet in sleep. No matter how close may be the bonds with the same personages in waking hours, no matter how vivid the apparent reality of act and doing in dreamland, there is ever ilmy veil of unrecognition even where recognition seems most complete; and at waking there is always the saddening longing to have seen clearer, to have got closer, and to have clasped the outstretched hand more firmly. Something akin to this tender feeling of un

rest and vague consciousness of unfulfilment ossesses you in this sweet old town of Strat ford-on-Avon. From first to last the entire experience is tinged with the nature and wrought in the very tissue of dreams. It has een your dream at some time to know this greatest of all literary shrines. While you are rithin its strange influence, you wander and dream as in the actual region of dreams, among dream-born folk who are themselves dreaming within the dream. After you turn away all that you can possibly recall seems to have had its origin in some far-off age of dreams.

If you come to this shrine by railway and its nterminable changes, giving you glimpses of all sorts of midland towns, from ancient War-wick with its stately battlements to Leamington with its modern glitter, you have reached a pleasing state of confusion not remote from the vagaries of dreams. If you have come to the place on the box of one of these famous coaches which spin to various points of interest throughout the shire, you will have seen in a few hours a countless succession of the most beautiful and dreamful countryside pictures in England. And if you should come on foot for the cleven miles, as I did, along the hard. white highway from Warwick, underneath an almost unbroken archway of elms, through the crisp yet drowsy atmosphere of an English midland autumnal morning, there is still sur-rounding you the glamor of bewitching unreality you cannot and would not dispel.

Tramping over this witching way, what a flood of historic memories sweeps in with the breath of the rosy morning! Here upon this noble eminence, with historic Clopton House to the right and Hampton Lucy to the left, beneath the arching elms is caught the first glimpse of the valley of the Avon. An hundred lesser gentle verdure-clad eminences rise and fall, as if with the throbbing of nature's heart, in its fair, far sweep. From away in the northeast winds a thread of silver. It broadens as it disappears and reappears in its course toward the Severn, and is finally lost completely, where, above a mass of elmi and limes and red-tiled roofs, rises a slender spire. The silvery thread is the Avon. The mass of elms and limes and red-tiled roofs is Stratford. The slender spire of its Holy Trinity Church marks the tomb and shrine of the world's immortal bard.

Loitering here, the old days, places, and

stirring scenes fit quickly into the wide horizon rim. The three spires of ancient Coventry can almost be seen, not far away to the north; Coventry with its legends of pilgrimages and the deed of fair Godiva which brought freedom from the oppression of her fierce grim lord to the people of her well-beloved town. The grand rain of Kenilworth, with its memories of jousts, tournaments, and revelries of Elizabeth and her favorite are nearer still. Gray old Warwick, with its walls still as mighty as in the furious times of the third Henry, is just behind you to the morth. Over to the west Evesham and Towksbury recall a gruesome tale. Only fifteen miles to the north, just at the edge of Oxfordshire, the first great battle between the King's and Parliamentary forces was fought in the seventeenth century at Edge Hill. Not far away, in Northamptonshire, is Fotheringay, notably connected with the lives and fates of princes, and famous and infamous as the place of execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

Below Edge Hill is Banbury, of cherished nursery rhyme memory, to whose toothsome cheese Shakespeare likened Faistail for his rich and unctuous habit. It is but a few miles away, just over there in Northampton, beyond the ivy-hid Rugby of "Tom Brown's School Days," that the Ayon springs from the hills about Nasely, where Cromwell and Fairfax drove the hapless Charles from his throne and kingdom. Sixty-four great seats with their castless or halls, from Allesley Park to Wroxall House, besides many fine cathedrals and superb monastic and castle ruins, cluster close within the shire. The chinneys and minarated turrets of one rise above primeval trees down there to the east in the dreamful Ayon Valley. They mark old Charlesote, scene of a certain rhyming poacher's escapade. And this same Charlesote ones stood in the greatest of all British forests, the forest of Arlen, whose name and fame can never grow old, so long as the fair and tender Rosalind and ait the other winsome broad in "As You Eike It" shall repeat their wise and wondrous human truths to those who own and leave the English can almost be seen, not far away to the north; Coventry with its legends of pilgrimages and

other winsome brood in 'As You Lake It' shall repeat their wise and wondrous human truths to those who own and love the English thought and tongue and income of the way you see a few black brids helping sagiet among the stubble, close to the shelping sagiet among the stubble and the as studenty and silently disappears. The kine are sleepily chewing their cuds against the farmhouse byres. A few "stocks," of integration of the same studenty and silently disappears. The kine are sleepily chewing their cuds against the farmhouse byres. A few "stocks," of integration of helping astir. Even the same factors of the same facto

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

who was cured of a severe cough by its use."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

I am never without this medicine." - G. W. Youker, Salem. N. J.

CURE YOUR COUGH

With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral - the most prompt and effective remedy for

all diseases of the throat and lungs. It cures bronchitis and croup, re-

lieves asthma, removes hoarseness, promotes expectoration, soothes and

heals the inflamed mucous membrane, and induces repose. If taken in

the first stages of consumption, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral prevents further

progress of the disease, and even at a later period, it relieves many of

the distressing symptoms. Mrs. L. I. Cloud, Benton, Ark., writes: "I

have been a life-long sufferer from weak lungs, and, till I used Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral, was scarcely ever free from a cough. This medicine

always relieves my cough and strengthens my lungs, as no other med-

icine ever did. I have induced many of my acquaintances to use the

Pectoral in throat and lung troubles, and it always proved beneficial,

particularly so in the case of my son-in-law, Mr. Z. A. Snow, of this place,

known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me

incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort, I tried

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete.

"In the winter of 1885 I took a severe cold, which, in spite of every

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

he loved laves the sides of the churchyard walls. It is so still and silent here you feel that the very spirit of the stream is hushed in obeisance and reverence forthe spot its waters are passing. On the further side are long, lonesome meadows. A few sheep are grazing there. Up the stream to the right, above the masses of trees and tiles, looms the huge, chese demorial Hall. You resent it as you have already turned away from the perky white fountain in mellow old High street. Everything modern here that seeks to memorialize men or committees of to-day through fantastic memorials to this very sun of the English race and tongue hurts you with its brazen impettinence.

thing modern here that seeks to memorialize men or committees of to-day through fantastic menorials to this very sun of the English race and tongue hurts you with its brazen impettinence.

You turn, pass through the churchyard, and saunter along in the quiet of Mill lane. At its end is a ramshackle mill, nobedy knows how many centuries old. The splash of the wheel has a drowsy sound. A footpath lends to a mossy wooden bridge. You cross this, take to the meadows, with the river, church, and town to your left, and cross the fleids to Shottery, Here is a typical English village, crisserossed with stone walls, and hedges cut in high box patterns, and brown with thatched coofs, so old that birds and mice use them for nests, while wild field flowers and weeds grow luxuriously upon them. Instinctively you approach the oldest and quaintest structure in Shottery. Its gable overlangs the lane. Its south side faces a maze of vines and flowers, and four tiny windows, hooded by the thatching, peep over into the breeze and bloom. It is Ann Hathaway's cottage. A pleasant old woman, whom you feel must have known the maid and the man, hustles about, shows you the interior, the ancient "settle" where the love-making was done, the visitors' book with its priceless autographs, even the heirlooms of linen, more lasting than effigy or cenotaph of stone, the while chatting cheerily, as if the lids of time always opened upon her as upon a bright and stainless page. But you have not heard what was said. The old hady swords have blended with the autumn voices without. The voices you have heard earm trembling down the silences of more than 300 years, and your heart has thrilled unnuterably because, for a moment, so close have come that day to this, those two to you.

Isak aeross the Avon over the great stone bridge, and a few minutes walk brings you to humble lienley street. There is still the seeming oil lady appears, and you follow her silently within. There is very little to see; incommunicable things to look and why awaken to the own

look upon:—the interior of a modest cauten of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, cruciform, with central tower and spire, and aisles to the nave only; a narrow chancel inclining strangely to the north; ancient oaken pews, with curiously carved missreres heneath; a west window representing the twelve apostles and our Lord's baptism; a clerestory beautifully imposed on the arches below; a north chancel window, the gift of Americans, illustrating, from "As You Like It." the Seven Ages of Man; a few ancient sedilia or priests seats; an entablature of stone in which is set the painted stone bust of a pleasant-faced man with twired mustachios and slight, pointed beard; and below, a grave with four lines of inscriptive supplication that the dust and bones beneath shall never be disturbed by mortal man. This is all. Yet every day of every year men and women, in increasing numbers, come from the earth's remotest bounds to stand beside this silent but never voiceless tomb.

bounds to stand beside this silent but never volceless tomb.

The day passes and the shadows lengthen among the lines. You shrink into a corner be-neath protecting pillar, and see, still as in a dream, the motley throng, from peasant to dream, the motley throng, from peasant to norince, come and go, come and go, as if the great world heart pushed its strongest, warmest, most unfaltering pulsation here. The evening descends, and the last soft footfall has recrossed the worn stone throshold and passed like a whisper over the wind-strewn lime leaves beyond. The ancient verger done his hat and jangles his keys. Like a wraith of your own dreaming self, you pass swiftly to the chancel and kneel in the darkening old church beside one grave for a moment alone—

AT SHARESPEARE'S TOMB Once where a spray of apple-bloom Hung o'er my garden wall There came a vagrant oriols To flood the music of its soul Full in my open-windowed room.

A fleck of gold, with voice of lute, Within my casement awung— My own sweet prisoned singing-bird— Whose tribute, which the master stirred, Left it aghest and mute.

Thus came his flight and canticle.
Flooding Song's dawn with Day.
Thus we, attrill and tribute-stirred,
Lake my poor prisoned singing-bird,
Falter love-dumb and still.

EDGAR L. WAREMAN. CHICKEN BROILING EXTRAORDINARY Prince Bismarck's Old Chef Wins an Odd

Wager in Berlin. Prince Bismarck's old chef, who is now head cook in a big Berlin restaurant, recently won a novel bet, and gave a surprising exhibition of his mastery of the culinary art. He had wagered \$25 that he could kill, clean, cock, and

berve a chicken, all in six minutes. The wager was decided at night in the cafe of the restaurant in the presence of a big crowd. The cook appeared at 9 o'clock on an improvised platform, upon which stood a gas cooking stove. He held a live chicken high above his head, and the fowl eackled loudly. above his head, and the lowi eackled loudly. One blow of a keen carver severed the head from the neck, and the cook began to pick the feathers with great swiftness. It took just one minute to get rid of every feather. In less than another minute the expert had opened and cleaned the fowl and had placed it upon a broiler on the gas stove.

The cook busied himself at the broiler, seasoning the fowl as it cooked. It lacked just a second of the sixth minute when he stepped from the platform and served the chicken to the nearest guest to great applause.

The Light that Failed Temporarily.

The Light that Failed Temperarily.

From the Lariton Energy Journal.

The electric car was full and a certain young man was forced to sit quite close to the young woman who was with him, and this was all very agreeable to him. When the cars go under the rairoad bridge on entering Hallowell from Augusta fitseustomary to pull down the troiley and in the evening the lamps, as a consequence, go out. What an opportune time! Click went the trolley back to the overhead wire, the lamps glowed once again, and the passengers got their eyes accustomed to change of light just in time to see the lips of that young man and woman glued together. They, the blushing couple, were very glad to step off the car at the next street.

FOREIGN ARMY NOTES.

From Schwarzenau, the centre of the recent Austrian maneuvrea, a derman officer writes: "There has been endless discussion over the question whether the new Austrian powder is 'smokeless' or 'smoke weak'. After this trial there is nothing more to be said. The powder is absolutely smokeless. The result is an un canny scene on the battlefield. Four battalions of canny scene on the battlefield. Four hattalions of Charsears shot volley after volley from the woods. I heard the rattling fire, but not the slightest cloud rose to indicate the location of the ridemen or to hide the opposing force. * * The shield of smoke it gone, and soldiers must secusion themselves to light without its protection. There were thundering to-day, for instance, near Edelbach, twelve great cannon. In the old days the smoke would have been heavy enough to hide whole brigades. Standing close by the battery, however, I could see after every shot only a very thin blue ring at the cannon's mouth. The ring was no heavier than that which a skilful smoker blows from his cigar, and in an instant it was gone. The smell of the powder during heavy firing from a hattery is a lit tle more pungout than it was formerly, and the reports

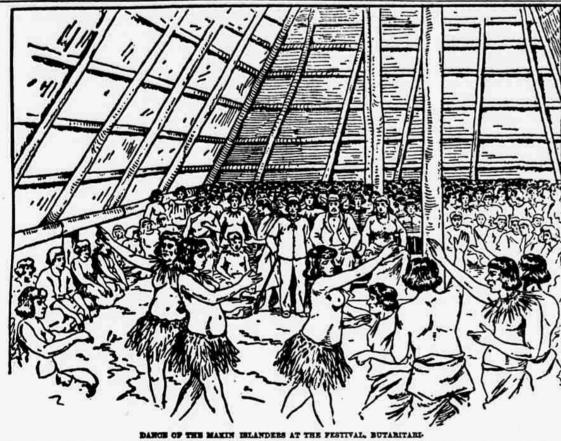
A writer where the Destecke Barkenbon introduces to its renders as a "celebrated and accomplished army of fleer," has expressed himself at length against the present uniform of the German troops. The radical fault of the uniform has always been that it was too gay, and this fault has been aggravated tenfold by the introduction of sundicless powder. The brilliancy of polished metal helmets and buttons will hereafter betray the approaching onemy at a great distance. In a field of stubble or on the highway the dark bine jackets and tronsors are in striking contrast with the natural surroundings. The new uniforms of the Bussian army, introduced by War Minister Wannowsky, are devoid of everything that attracts the eye, and by far the most practical of all uniforms in Europe. The blouse has books instead of buttons, and the leather trimmings are black. The cloth is of a dead green and the over-coat is of an earth color. Infantry and cavairy go into pattle wearing field caps. Even whom near at hand a Russian regiment is hardly distinguishable by the naked eys. The reform in the German uniform should begin with the abolition of the helmet and the introbegin with the abolition or the neimet and the intro-duction of the field cap, waterproof and with a large overhanging crown, but without front piece. For the present closs-fitting, tightly belted coat with buttons should be substituted a loose jacket with hooks and eyes. The cloth should be dark and in harmony eyes. The cloth should be dark and in harmony with some prevailing color of nature. All adjuncts of the uniform should be dark and unpoished. White leather, metal belt clasps, polished steel scabbards, polished handles of side arms, and the colors on the lances should be abolished or hidden. The gay adjutant's sashes should be replaced with sashes in sombre colors. These reforms are urgent, for in the next war the chances of victors. n the next war the chances of victory will be unisually large in favor of the General who can most succasefully conceal the movements of his troops. France and Russia recognize this fact, and rejoice in the gay appearance of the German army of to-day. These suggestions for reform have been endorsed by almost all Berlin, Frankfort, and Munich dailles,

During the discussion of the naval budget in the Ital-During the discussion of the made a statistical in Chamber recently Capt. Bettdio made a statistical comparison between the French and the Italian navy in the Mediterranean. France's fleet includes, he said. 16 battle ships, 3 armored cruisers, and 3 gunboats, with a total displacement of 167,652 tons; 14 unar-mored cruisers with a displacement of 36,405 tons; 72 torpedo boats with a displacement of 6.111 tons. Italy proses to this deet 14 battle ships with 109,579 tons displacement; 17 unarmored cruisers, 7 of which are torpedo rams, with 85,213 tons displacement; 130 torpedo boats with 0,164 tons displacement. Each list comprehends only ships of modern construction. All men-of-war of old models are left out f consideration. While France has the greater nor torpedo fleet. In artillery, too, Italy has the advantage, Her monster vessels, like the Duillo, the Sardegna, and the Italia, carry more great guns, and are armed, moreover, with twelve and fifteen centimetre rapid-fire over, with twelve and fifteen centimetre rapid-fire cannon, which are entirely lacking in the French Med-iterranean fleet. Heavy rapid-fire guns have already been ordered by France for her Mediterranean ships, however, so that within a year this difference will be obliterated. The advantage of Italy will disappear un-doubtedly when the men-of-war now building for both countries will have been completed. These unfinished ships are: For France, sixteen armored ships of 112,550 tons displacement, nine cruisers of 28,296
tons displacement, and seventy-three torpedoboats of 6,512 tons displacement; for Italy, four armored ships of 45,193 tons displacement, twelve cruisers of 19,302 tons displacement, and fourteen open sea torpedo boats of 1,020 displacement. Probably the majority of the new Prench ships will be added to the Mediterranean squadron, in which case, Capt. Settillo reckons, the strength of Italy's fleet in the Mediterranean will be to that of the French fleet as 1 to 2.4. Russia's volunteer navy, to which the attention of

Europe has been turned by the recent concessions to its ships by the Sultan of Turkey, was founded by rich private persons and corporations about nine or ten years ago during one of the periodical war scares. The object of the founders was to place at the Government's lisposal a fleet of cruisers which were expected to b especially useful as commerce destroyers in case of war with England. Several old and new ships were bought at English and American ports, and two or three were purchased at Hamburg. The flest included till recently only thirteen or fourteen ships, varying in age between eleven and twenty years, in ton-nage between 1,200 and 8,400, and in speed swiftest cruiser of the fiect, made 10% knots. The Jaroslaw, the swiftest cruiser of the fiect, made 10% knots. Rach cruiser carries six or eight guns of fifteen to twenty-one centimetres calibre. This fleet was increased in 1889 by the launching at an English shippard of the twin-screw cruiser Orel, and this year by the launching of the Saratoff at the same yard. These new ships are almost exactly alike. Each is 440 feet long, has 5,000 tons displacement, engines of 10,000 horse power, and a speed of 13 knots. Each carries seven twelve-centime-tre rapid-fire cannon, and in transportation service, for which each was chiefly designed, can easily accommodate 1,900 troops. The rest of the fleet could transport 20,000 men at ones. The older ships are rather slow for commerce destroyers on the high seas, but the two new cruisers, as well as three more which are said to new cruisers, as well as three more which are said to be building in European shippards, are up to all re-quirements for boats of their class. This volunteer navy would undoubtedly be of immense service in war between Russia and England, or the three allied powers. It could land an army corps at Constantinople expeditionally, or perhaps get it to the Sues Canal. What merchantmen of enemies of the dual alliance may expect in the Mediterranean in the next war is apparent not only from the above, but also from the fact that the mail steamships of the Messageries Maritimes, which ply between Marseilles and the Orient, carry heavy cannon and the crews are drilled daily in handling them. There is no similarity between the relationship of England to the transatiantic mail steamships from her ports and that of Russia to the volunteer navy. The latter is alrendy Government property, is already in the military transport service, is armed for destroying commerce-and, in short, resembles a fleet of merchantmen only in the one misleading particular that its ships fly mar chantmen's flags.

An Armadillo for the President. From the Washington Post.

Mr. Skaggs of Skiles. Tex., is an admirer of the President, and exhibited his admiration in a present that arrived at the White House yesterday. About moon there came by express a box punched full of air holes and plastered all over with labels. It contained a good specimen of a young armadillo. These animals may be suitable for pets in Texas, but would hardly prove an attraction about the White House grounds. An accompanying note state that the animal was harmless, and asked the express people to feed it. The journey was however, too much for the little fellow, for he died an hour or two before he reached the Executive Mansion, and his body was subsequently sent to the smithsonian. a present that arrived at the White House yes-



At either end stood up to sing or sat down to rest the alternate companies of singers; Kuma and Little Makin on the north, Butaritari and its conjunct hamlets to the south; both groups conspicuous in barbaric bravery. In the midst between these rival camps of troubadours a beach was placed, and here the King and Queen throned it, some two or three feet above the crowded audience on the floor. Tebureimos. as usual, in his striped pyjamas, with a satche strapped across one shoulder, doubtless (in the fashion) to contain his pistols; the Queen in a purple holokn, her copious hair let down, a fan in her hand. The bench was turned facing to the strangers, a piece of wellconsidered civility; and when it was the turn of Butaritari to sing, the pair must twist round on the bench, lean their elbows on the rail, and rn to us the spectacle of their broad backs. The royal couple occasionally solaced them-

selves with a clay pipe, and the pomp of state was further heightened by the rifles of a picket of the guard. With this kingly countenance and ourselves squatted on the ground, we heard several songs from one side or the other. Then royalty and its guards withdrew, and Queen Victoria's son and daughter-in-law were summoned by acciamation to the vacant throne. Our pride was perhaps a little modified when we were joined on our high places by a certain thriftless loafer of a white; and yet I was glad, too, for the man had a smattering of native and could give me some idea of the subject of the songs. One was patriotic, and dared Tembinok of Apemama, the terror of the group, to an inrasion. One mimed the planting of tare and the harvest home. Some were historical and commemorated kings and the illustrious shances of their time, such as a bout of drinking or a war. One, at least, was a drama domestic interest, excellently played by the coupe from Makin. It told the story of a man The has lost his wife, at first bewails her loss then seeks another. The earlier strains (or acts) are played exclusively by men; but toward the end a woman appears. Who has just lost her husband; and I suppose the pair console each other, for the finale seemed of happy en. Of some of the songs my informant sold me briefly they were " like about the wee men"; this I could have guessed myself. Each side. I should have said, was strengthened by one or two women. They were all soloists. stood disengaged at the back part of the stage. and looked, in ridi, neckiace, and dressed hair. for all the world like European ballet dancers Then the song was anyway broad these ladies came particularly to the front, and it was singular to see that, after each entry, the premiere danseuse pretended to be overcome by shame, as though led on beyond what she had meant, and her assistants made a feint of driving her away like one who had disgraced herself. Similar effectations accompany the truly obscene ances of Samoa, where they are very well in place. Here it was different. The words perhaps in this free-spoken world were gross

bound through a Gilbert Island ballad. Almost from the first it was apparent that the city were defeated. I might ave thought them even good, only I had the other troop before my eyes to correct my standard, and remind me continually of little more and how much it is." Perceiving hemselves worsted, the choir of Butaritari frew confused, blundered and broke down; amid this hubbub of unfamiliar intervals, I uld not myself have recognized the slip. but the audiences were quick to catch it, and to er. To crown all, the Makin company began dance of truly superlative merit. I know not that it was about, I was too much absorbed to as in some act a part of the chorus, squeal-as in some strange falsetto, produced very

mough to make a carter blush; but the most

suggestive feature was this feint of shame

For such parts the women showed some dis-

position; they were pert, they were neat,

hey were acrobatic, they were at times really

amusing, and some of them were pretty. But

this is not the artists' floid; there is the whole

width of heaven between such capering and

ogling, and the strange rhythmic gestures and

strange rapturous frenzied faces with which

e best of the male dancers held us spell-

there was no one drunk, but drunk or sober, where else would a scene so irritating have

concluded without blows? The last stage and glory of this auspicious day was of our own providing; the second. and positively the last, appearance of the phantoms. All round the church groups sat outside, in the night, where they could see nothing, perhaps ashamed to enter, certainly finding some shadowy pleasure in the mere proximity. Within about one-half of the great shed was densely packed with people. In the midst, on the royal dais, the lantern luminous ly smoked: chance rays of light struck out the earnest countenance of our Chinaman grinding the hand organ; a fainter glimmer showed

married on a work of mine in a pirated edition : it answered the purpose as well as a hall Bible. With all these allurements of social distinction, rare food and raiment, a comparative vacation from toll, and legitimate marriage contracted on a pirated edition, the trader must sometimes seek long before he can be mated. While I was in the group one had been eight months on the quest, and he was still a bachelor.

Within strictly native society the old laws and practices were harsh, but not without a certain stamp of highmindedness. Stealthy adultery was punished with death; open clope. ment was properly considered virtue in comparison and compounded for a fine in therafters and their shadows in the hollow of land. The male adulterer alone seems



CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH GOING WELL TOGETHER, BUTARFTARL

a hush, a whisper, a strong shuddering rustle. and a chorus of small cries among the crowd. There sat by me the mate of a wrecked They would think this a strange sight in Europe or the States," said he, "going on in a building like this, all tied with bits of

> CHAPTER LIV. BUTABITARI: HUBBAND AND WIFE.

The trader, accustomed to the manners of

Eastern Polynesia, has a lesson to learn among the Gilberts. The ridi is but a spare attire; thirty years buck the women went naked until marriage; within ten years the custom lingared; and those facts, above all when heard in description, conveyed a false idea of the manners of the group. A very intelligent missionary described it. in its former state, as a "paradise of naked women" for the resident whites. It was, at least, a platonic paradise, where Lothario ventured at his peril. Since 1830, fourteen whites have perished on a single island, all for the same cause, all found where they had no business, and speared by some indignant father of a family; the figure was given me by one of their contemporaries who had been more prudent and survived. The strange porsisten to of these fourteen martyrs might seem to point to monomania or a series of romantic passions; gin is the more likely key. The poor buzzards sat alone in their house by an open case; they drank, their brain was fired; they stumbled toward the nearest house on chance, and the dart went through their liver. In place of a paradise the trader found an

to them, it's the same as anywheres else," ob served a trader, innocently; but he and his companions rarely so choose.

The trader must be credited with a virtue;

archipelago of flerce husbands and of virtuous

"Of course, if you wish to make love

since no one can touch it but himself.

The ridi was the badge, not of the woman, but tue that a condemned criminal.

The woman grunted at him, island fashion. "I am not a pig that you should grunt at

the roof; the pictures shown and vanished on the to have been punished. It is correct screen, and as each appeared there would run | manners for a jealous man to hang himself; a jealous woman has a different remedyshe bites her rival. Ten or twenty years ago it was a capital offence to raise a woman's ridi; to this day it is still punished with a heavy fine, and the garment itself is still symbolically sacred. Suppose a piece of land to be disputed in Butaritari, the claimant who shall first hang a ridi on the tapur post has gained his cause

> the wife, the mark not of her sex, but of her station. It was the collar on the slave's neck, the brand on merchandise. The adulterous woman seems to have been spared; were the husband off inded it would be a poor consolation to send his draught cattle to the shambles. Karalteh, to this day calls his eight wive "his horses," some trader having explained to him the employment of these animals on farms: Nanteitel hired out his wives to do mason work. Husbands, at least when of high rank, had the power of life and death Even whites seem to have possessed it, and their wives, when they had transgressed beyond forgiveness, made haste to pronounce the formula of deprecation: "I Kana Kim." This form of words had so much virposting it on a particular day to the King who had condemned him, must be instantly released. It is an offer of abasement. and, strangely enough, the raverse-the inviation-is a common, vulgar insuit to Great Britain to this day. I give a scone between a rader and his Gilbert Island wife, as it was told me by the husband, now one of the oldest residents, but then a freshman in the group.
> "Go and light a fire," said the trader. "and when I have brought this oil I will cook some